

The Critic

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Courses of Reading on Special Subjects.

The Drama.

UNFORTUNATELY there is no good history of dramatic literature as a whole. The task is too gigantic for one man, in these days of minute investigation by specialists. The colossal 'History of the Drama,' planned and begun by the late J. L. Klein, was scarcely half finished when he died. The 'Histoire Universelle du Théâtre' of Alphonse Royer fills six goodly tomes. Although it is weak, except in its treatment of French and Spanish drama, it is perhaps the best outline sketch we have of the course of dramatic literature. The famous lectures on 'Dramatic Art and Literature' delivered in Vienna by Augustus William Schlegel are far more learned than Royer's lively book, but they are controversial in tone and old-fashioned in their point of view. Schlegel is stimulating and combative: he sought chiefly to break down the overpowering influence of the French theatre and especially of Voltaire, and to bring out the beauties of Spanish drama, previously dismissed as barbaric. His lectures were therefore pleadings rather than judgments; and the very success of his polemics has made his work hopelessly out of date. Schlegel lacked the power of giving permanent interest to temporary criticism which makes Lessing's 'Dramaturgy' still weighty; and yet it was in these papers that Lessing first raised the revolt against Voltaire.

Schlegel's account of the Greek and Roman drama is still of value, because here his national prejudices did not lead him astray. Donaldson's 'Theatre of the Greeks' sets forth the physical conditions of the Greek tragedians and comedians—conditions which had a mastering effect on the form of the drama. Prof. J. P. Mahaffy's 'History of Classical Greek Literature' is very full in its treatment of the dramatists; and Prof. Mahaffy is singular among historians of literature in general, in that he remembers that the drama was meant to be acted and not merely to be read. Similar praise may be given to Patin's 'Les Tragiques Grecs,' which is full of instructive comparisons between the Greek theatre and the French.

It is this failure to understand the difference between the words written to be acted on the stage before a multitude and words written to be read in a library alone which is a chief defect of the otherwise admirable and

exhaustive 'History' of Spanish Literature' of George Ticknor. Abundant space is given to the dramatists, but there is a certain lack of the dramatic feeling. And the same want of cordial understanding of theatrical conditions is to be detected in Sismondi's 'Historical View of the Literature of Southern Europe' and in Bouterwek's 'History of Spanish Literature.' Schlegel is more appreciative, but he leans overmuch to eulogy. Quite the best book on the subject is 'The Spanish Drama: Lope de Vega and Calderon,' by George H. Lewes, who as a practical dramatist approached the subject from the right side. And so did Alphonse Royer, both in his 'Universal History' and in special books on the plays of Cervantes, Alarcon and Tirso de Molina. Lord Holland's 'Life of Lope de Vega' and the translations from Calderon by Trench and MacCarthy must not be omitted.

Crossing from the Iberian to the Italian peninsula, we find Royer again, with a study of Carlo Gozzi. The best essays on Goldoni and Alfieri are those of Mr. W. D. Howells, originally contributed to *The Atlantic Monthly* and afterward condensed to serve as introductions to the memoirs of the dramatists. The early Italian drama is considered at length in Mr. J. A. Symonds's volumes on the literature of the 'Renaissance in Italy.' Schlegel, Sismondi and Royer—especially the latter, for reasons already given—may be consulted with advantage. On the more modern Italian drama, I know of no really satisfactory book. Schlegel's account of the French drama is unfair, as I have said, and Royer's is perhaps a little too enthusiastic in parts, and too much under the influence of the revolt of the Romanticists of 1830. The 'Histoire Philosophique et Littéraire du Théâtre Français,' by Hippolyte Lucas, is, all things considered, the best single sketch of the French drama: its value to the student is greatly increased by its elaborate chronological table. Mr. Van Laun's 'History of French Literature' is not authoritative, and its judgments are second-hand. Mr. Saintsbury's 'Short History of Literature' is ample and accurate in its treatment of the drama: but Mr. Saintsbury writes as one who has never entered the theatre: his criticism of dramatic work is wholly from a literary point of view. The so-called histories of French dramatic literature by Théophile Gautier and Jules Janin are only collections of their weekly articles on the productions of Parisian playhouses, and are of very slight permanent value. In a volume called 'Trois Théâtres,' M. Louis Lacour considers the plays of M. Emile Augier, M. Victorien Sardou and M. Alexandre Dumas, fils; and he has since published in reviews studies of the chief of the other French dramatists of to-day. A survey of the same period will be found in my own 'French Dramatists of the XIXth Century.' Before leaving the French drama, it may be well to note that the best editions of Corneille, Molière and Racine are those in Hachette's collection, 'Les Grands Ecrivains de la France,' and the neatest and most portable those in Jouast's 'Nouvelle Bibliothèque Classique.'

German drama fares better at Schlegel's hands than the French; but he wrote too early and too soon after the boiling of the cauldron to be wholly trustworthy as a guide. Lessing's 'Dramaturgy' demands study, and in connection with it, Lowell's incisive essay on Lessing. Stahr's Life of Lessing deals with his dramatic work more satisfactorily than Mr. Sime's. The same qualities which gave value to Lewes's sketch of the Spanish drama make his biography of Goethe most useful to a student of the drama—the two qualities which impress

themselves at first and always are his wide learning in dramatic literature and his inner knowledge of the stage. Carlyle's *Life of Schiller* and his memorable essay on 'German Playwrights' are next in order of time. Of later German dramatic work the best criticism is to be found in Herr Paul Lindau's '*Dramaturgische Blätter*,' of which there are two series. It is unfortunate that there is not in English any simple and straightforward history of German dramatic literature. It is greatly to be wished that one should be written by a scholar as competent as Mr. E. W. Gosse, whose '*Studies in Northern Literature*' contain sketches of the work of Holberg and Ibsen as dramatists.

All of the many histories of English literature perforce consider the drama, but Taine is perhaps alone in the skill with which he sees and seizes on the theatrical effect as distinct from the merely literary. Prof. Henry Morley's experience as a London playgoer has stood him in good stead in the volume on '*English Plays*' in his '*Library of English Literature*.' Prof. T. A. Ward's '*History of English Dramatic Literature*' is an exact and workmanlike book, but stops at the death of Queen Anne. Mr. J. Payne Collier's minute '*History of English Dramatic Poetry to the Time of Shakspeare*' also includes annals of the stage to the Restoration. Of Shakspeare I need say nothing, since he and his are to be dealt with at length by a hand more competent than mine. Hazlitt's and Mr. Whipple's books on the literature of the Elizabethan epoch should be read, and with them Lamb's '*Specimens of the Dramatic Poets*' of the Shakspearian era. The Rev. Mr. Geneste's '*History of the Drama and Stage from 1660 to 1830*' fills twelve goodly tomes and is a monument of industry; its form makes it rather a book of reference than a book to read. Fortunately the same period is covered by Dr. Doran's '*Their Majesties' Servants*,' which is at once an introduction to the detailed study of the history of the English drama from the time of Shakspeare to the death of Edmund Kean, and a skeleton (or rather a backbone) to which all subsequently acquired knowledge may attach itself naturally and in its proper place and proportion. Mr. W. Clark Russell's '*Representative Actors*' is a biographical dictionary of critical opinion on the English actors of the past, as is Mr. C. E. Pascoe's '*Dramatic List*' of the actors of the present. Mr. Archer's recent '*English Dramatists of To-day*' is a useful discussion of the contemporary English drama.

It is greatly to be regretted that we have no history of the American stage at all corresponding to Doran's '*Annals of the English Stage*.' Mr. J. N. Ireland's admirable and ample and accurate '*Records of the New York Stage*' are modelled rather on Geneste than Doran,—although Mr. Ireland's touch is lighter than Geneste's, and his arrangement much simpler and more effective—and they are confined to one city, as the title indicates. They come down only to 1860, and I know I am expressing the wishes of all students of the history of the American stage, if I take occasion here to hope that Mr. Ireland may be induced soon to bring out a third volume, carrying on his records to the end of 1880. There are also histories of the theatre in Boston (by Mr. Clapp), in Albany (by Mr. Phelps), and in Providence (by Mr. Blake). Neither of Chicago nor of Philadelphia has the local dramatic history been written. The chief authority on the earlier days of the drama in America is William Dunlap's '*History of the American Theatre*,' one of the best books about the stage ever written, and worthy of comparison with Colley Cibber's '*Apology*,' in emulation of which it was composed.

What Dunlap does for the New York theatre W. B. Wood in his '*Personal Recollections*' does for Philadelphia, but with less fulness. Wemyss's '*Theatrical Biography*,' Sol Smith's '*Theatrical Management*,' and Ludlow's '*Dramatic Life as I Found It*' are all books of great interest and importance to those studying the early American stage. Mr. Laurence Hutton's '*Plays and Players*' agreeably supplements the '*Records*' of Mr. Ireland; and the American Actor Series which he is now editing is of special value. In this series the biographies of Edwin Forrest, by Mr. Lawrence Barrett, of Mrs. Duff, by Mr. Ireland and of the Jeffersons, by Mr. William Winter, are emphatically to be commended; and it is to be noted here that in Mr. Winter's sketch of the five generations of the Jefferson family who have adorned the stage, there will be found numberless references to the original authorities—memoirs, autobiographies, essays and histories—which one must needs consult to get at the true history of the American theatre—a history in the highest degree varied and entertaining.

The art of acting is nowhere discussed at length and with authority. The best short treatise is Hamlet's speech to the players. Colley Cibber's '*Apology*,' Dunlap's '*History*' and Mr. Ireland's '*Records*' abound in incidental criticism of the histrionic art; and M. Francisque Sarcey's '*Comédiens et Comédiennes*,' in which he sketches the chief actors of the contemporary French stage, is full of fine criticism of the principles of the art. Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble's essay '*On the Stage*' in her recent '*Notes on Shakspeare's Plays*' deserves to be read. But undoubtedly the best book on the subject is Lewes's essays '*On Actors and the Art of Acting*.' This, in spite of its somewhat fragmentary form, is ripe in suggestion and rich in the correction of current fallacies. M. Coquelin's '*L'Art du Comédien*,' of which there is an American translation, is rather a plea for the dignity of the profession than a discussion of principles, but it is highly instructive.

J. BRANDER MATTHEWS.

Literature

Sir Henry Maine on Early Law and Custom.*

THE recent deaths of Messrs. J. F. McLennan and L. H. Morgan, by narrowing the number of distinguished workmen in a field that may be termed sociological archaeology, raises the value of the services of Sir Henry Maine, a writer who has already won golden opinions by his '*Ancient Law*,' '*Village Communities*,' and '*Lectures on the Early History of Institutions*.' The present volume will be found more entertaining than the other books because it is more varied. Sir Henry has the pleasing virtue in an Englishman of looking well beyond the boundaries of the tight little island and finding choice pickings in the way of important facts relating to earlier phases of Aryan life in both India and Ireland. Studying early Irish institutions he has been struck with the similarities between the customs of the 'meere Irishe' and the early Aryan settlers in the Punjâb. In one of the most interesting lectures, that on the king in his relation to early civil justice, he makes it clear how among Aryan nations, kings, originally fighters, became judges, and particularly how in England the King's justice tended to absorb the functions of the small local courts (the Court Baron, for instance), and his circuits and those of his *missi* or messengers were the prototypes of the circuits and ridings of Eng-

* Dissertation on Early Law and Custom. Chiefly selected from lectures delivered at Oxford. By Sir Henry Sumner Maine. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

lish judges. By dates taken from the 'Itinerary of King John' he shows what a hard life was that of a king in early times, and suggests that the 'rois fainéants' of France who were overthrown owed their name and their ruin to neglect of this hard work. The conception of the part of King Lear by Shakspeare is not a little illuminated when we accept Sir Henry's view. Why did Lear abdicate? Because he wished to rest and enjoy himself. That answer was hitherto hardly sufficient. But now that we see the harassing nature of the king's work we can readily understand the fatal mistake of the tyrant, and why it was that, in a man used all his life to punish, the sudden deprivation of power turned his brain.

In 'Royal Succession and the Salic Law' we are taught the truth and the fallacy of a celebrated question of inheritance by male and female heirs. Edward III. who claimed the throne of France through his mother had plenty of precedent on a wide view of the field. The government of Denmark by Hamlet's uncle after marriage to Hamlet's mother is shown to be a common practice on the death of a king. The extraordinary career of the Bourbons is noted. Since 987, when Hugh Capet was elected, his progeny has never been extinct through males, and to day the younger lines of all the Bourbon houses are prolific. This unprecedented fact, it is hinted, accounts for the strong hold legitimacy had on the French. 'Theories of Primitive Society' is an essay taking up most excellently the threads of argument advanced by the late Messrs. Morgan and McLennan. Sir Henry does not believe that promiscuity in regard to the sexes ever existed as a rule, and Darwin was of the same opinion; the strongest argument *à priori* against it being jealousy. But he supposes special causes occasioning locally and temporarily such aberrations as the extremes of polygamy or of polyandry (plurality of recognized husbands of one wife). Either state would tend to come to an end owing to the resulting infertility, as compared with communities in which one man was married to one wife. In 'The Sacred Law of the Hindus' the resemblances between Greek, English and Hindu institutions are traced, and the antiquity of the 'Code of Manu' questioned. In 'Ancestor Worship' Constance Gordon Cumming's article in *The Century* of September last is quoted for the expenses necessary to a burial among Buddhists. 'France and England' is an instructive essay for students of the feudal epoch, referring to recent works by Taine, Doniol, and Chassin on the state of affairs in France about the Revolution.

Abstract though some of the subjects treated are, one cannot close the book without wishing Sir Henry had written more.

Books About Books.

In the Contributor's Club of *The Atlantic Monthly* there appeared not long ago a little essay called 'An Index to Civilization' which tried to show that the inhabitants of these United States are more highly civilized than the inhabitants of Great Britain and her colonial dependencies in that we more freely make and demand indexes to our books. If we agree with the writer of that essay that the frequency and quality of the index are the best tests of civilization, then are our British cousins in a parlous state, for not only are they inferior to us, when measured by this index gauge, but they are disposed to sneer at the index itself. *The Saturday Review*—which noticed Mr. Rennel Rodd's æsthetic volume of æsthetic verses under the head of 'American Litera-

ture"—received Mr. Poole's invaluable 'Index to Periodical Literature' with a sneer, and a query as to whether it was really worth the trouble. If now we go a step further, from indexes in books to indexes of books, that is to books about books, the inferiority of our trans-Atlantic critics is only the more marked. As the British librarians have remarked on the direct and practical nature of the papers read before the American librarian when in convention assembled, so the Americans have noted the merely literary, antiquarian and dilettante character of the papers read when the British librarians assemble and meet together. And so it is with the British books about books: they are rarely practical, useful, intended for the average man and the general reader; they are nearly always literary, full of gentle gossip, and aimed at the luxurious collector. Delightful as are the late Dr. John Hill Burton's 'Book-Hunter' and Mr. Andrew Lang's 'Library,' neither of them has the practical value of any one of half a dozen American books we could name. When the British writer leaves the safe field of gentle gossip and ventures on practical hints, he is as likely as not to make a book as bad as Mr. Slater's 'Library Manual'—which we may here dismiss with the remark that it is British, insular and provincial, of no use to anybody in America, and of little use to anybody in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales or India. It is clumsily put together and badly printed, and the quality of mercy is not strained when we say that it is an altogether unnecessary book.

It is pleasant to be able to turn from an ill-made book to a book as well made as Professor W. F. Allen's 'The Reader's Guide to English History' (Boston: Ginn, Heath & Co.). Mr. Justin Winsor, while Superintendent of the Boston Public Library, was the first person to lay open the store of historical fiction and to suggest that it be drawn from to give relief and variety to history itself. His 'Chronological Index to Historical Fiction' afterward incorporated in the 'Class List of History and Fiction' has been of great service to Professor Allen, who has, however, very materially enlarged upon Mr. Winsor's original plan. Professor Allen's arrangement is in four parallel columns on two opposite pages; 'the first column containing the English sovereigns, in the several houses, in the form of genealogical tables; the second, good historical reading, whether histories, biographies or essays; the third, novels, poems and dramas illustrating that period of English history—also, as far as possible, arranged chronologically; the fourth, the same class of works illustrating contemporary history.' We have examined carefully the lists filling these four columns, and we take pleasure in saying that Professor Allen has been amply successful: especially to be commended is his principle of making, 'not an exhaustive list, but a list of really good books.' Due allowance must always be made for the personal equation, but we incline to the belief that the more the critic knows of the subject, the better satisfied he will be with Professor Allen's treatment of it.

Miss C. M. Hewins, of Hartford, has long been known, to all who are interested in making the public library the ally of the public schools, as one of the most successful of modern librarians of the American school. She has here prepared for the series of little handbooks which already includes the tiny 'Reading Diary' and the 'Books for all Time,' a priced, classified and annotated list of 'Books for the Young,' to which she has prefixed brief words of pertinent and practical advice on teaching the right use of books, on English and American history for children, and on the kind and quality of

reading best suited for the young. The result is a book which it is difficult to praise too highly. (F. Leyboldt.)

Probably the best book for those who are fond of books and who have much or little money to spend in buying them is the excellent manual prepared by Mr. F. B. Perkins, and called 'The Best Reading' (Putnam). Unfortunately the lists drawn up by Mr. Perkins are beginning to be a little out of date. Fortunately, therefore, Mr. Lynds E. Jones gives us a second series, containing a classified bibliography, with prices and places of publication of the best books published since the last revision of Mr. Perkins's book and arranged on precisely the same plan. 'The Best Reading' is not intended to include technical works on law, medicine, controversial theology, or school text-books, or Sunday-school books, or the bulk of the innumerable religious publications of the day, or unimportant works of fiction, or, in general, any of the books which may fairly come under Charles Lamb's definition of 'books that are not books.' On the other hand it does contain with great fulness and in an admirable arrangement the good books of the past seven years, carefully indicating those which are the best at a low price and those which are the best regardless of price.

Books of Summer Travel.

FOR THE USES of those who are going abroad, the European guide-books have begun to appear. 'The Index Guide,' by Lafayette C. Loomis (Scribner) has been revised and slightly augmented. It still occupies a unique position. It is as comprehensive a guide to the art-objects of Europe as could be produced in so small a space. It describes in detail the chief pictures and statues; it gives maps of the large cities and an account of their monuments; it follows the roads of travel through Great Britain, France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, and Austria. It is an invaluable work, open to criticism only in some of its minor points. Its efforts to represent the pronunciation of foreign names are not successful. Imagine the dismay of the tourist at learning that 'genre' painting is pronounced 'zhawn'-r, and that the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois is phonetically called 'San-zher-man-loaks-er-rwah.' Many of the Italian names, like Garofalo, are wrongly accentuated. It also confuses rather than helps the traveller to append to many of the works of art the widely varying opinions of different critics. What gain is it to mention that the Duc d'Enghien's statue in the chapel of the Bois de Vincennes is called by Galignani 'a magnificent monument,' by Baedeker 'a poor work;' or that of 'The Transfiguration' Goethe says, 'It must ever be a matter of wonder that anybody could have doubted the grand unity of such a conception as this,' while Hawthorne writes, 'I am not convinced of the propriety of its being in two so distinctly separate parts?' Subtleties of criticism are surely not for readers who are supposed to be ignorant that Cupid was 'the son of Mars and Venus, represented as a wanton boy.' Still, these are trifles, and the book is stored with information.

'Osgood's Complete Pocket-guide to Europe' has also been revised and enlarged. In form it is probably the smallest of the universal guide-books, containing five hundred pages of matter, and being only about three-fourths of an inch in thickness. Russia, Sweden, and Norway are newly described; and the editor adds a list of Diplomatic Agents of the United States, and a cable code for private use. It is not the least of its advantages that, as its publishers say, 'it can be carried in the vest

or coat pocket of a gentleman or in a lady's dress-pocket or muff.'

Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare's work on the 'Cities of Southern Italy and Sicily' (Routledge) invites the traveller to Naples and the regions which lie below it. The book is a mass of erudition. The author is at greater pains to be useful than to be entertaining, and he quotes from all authors who have visited the country from Silius Italicus to Dickens. Many readers, we fear, will feel all interest drowned out of them by the flood of Latin, French, and Italian which Mr. Hare lets loose. But the ground on which he travels is classic ground, and no one has picked up more fragments of antiquity than he.

From 'another quarter Dr. Martin R. Vincent invites the tourist to wander 'In the Shadow of the Pyrenees: from Basque-land to Carcassonne' (Scribner). This is an infinitely livelier work than Mr. Hare's. The author makes much use of M. Perret's book 'Le Pays Basque,' but he uses his eyes as well, and his style is peculiarly graceful and picturesque. There are four etchings: a Basque cast, by James D. Smillie; a street in Fuenterrabia, by the same; the Priest's Walk at San Sebastian, by R. Swain Gifford; and the Tour Visigothe and Tour de l'Inquisition at Carcassonne, by Leroy M. Yale. All are excellent.

An English translation of M. Félix Bovet's work 'Egypt, Palestine, and Phœnicia' (E. P. Dutton & Co.) made by the Rev. W. H. Lyttelton, Canon of Gloucester, from the eighth French edition, has appeared at a moment when the Levant is yearly attracting more foreigners. As Professor of Hebrew at Neuchâtel, M. Bovet was well equipped for the journey which he made in 1858, and being master of a rich and copious vocabulary he was able to make his book so attractive that it has gone into almost all languages. Its chief defect is that the ground had been so often covered that there was nothing new for a writer of ordinary capacities to say. Nevertheless, it is an excellent summary of observations.

For the benefit of those travellers who shall concern themselves with antiquities, a translation of Professor C. Witt's 'Griechische Götter und Heldengeschichten' has been published under the title 'Classic Mythology' (Holt). All the familiar tales are told in much the same fashion as Hans Christian Andersen would have told them, and to raise them above the level of childhood there is prefixed an account of the results of comparative mythology and of the real meaning of the classical fables. Thus the purpose of the book is, in a large measure, educational.

"Wealth-Creation."*

THE object of this work is to point out the chief aids and hindrances to the production of wealth, and especially to call attention to certain influences which prevent the increase of wealth from being so rapid as it might be. In regard to the possibilities of wealth production the author is very sanguine, most readers will think extravagantly so; for he thinks that if men's productive capacities were developed to the utmost, they would, even without any fresh discoveries or inventions, produce a hundred times as much as they do now. On the other hand, he regards the distribution of wealth of little importance, and holds that if there were wealth enough produced, there would be enough of it in the possession of every class in the community. In the

* Wealth-Creation. By Augustus Mongredien. With Introduction by Simon Sterne. New York: Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.

execution of his work the author is, so far as he goes, successful, his account of the many aids and obstacles to the production of wealth, though in no sense original, being clearly set forth. He dwells especially on the waste of labor and capital in wars and in the maintenance of armies, and on the mischiefs of protectionism; and his treatment of these topics is, for a popular work, all that could be desired. But we think he does not adequately realize the enormous waste involved in the use of intoxicating liquors, and the serious loss occasioned thereby to the poorer classes. Moreover, he has failed to notice one of the most potent hindrances to the production of wealth—namely, commercial crises, which probably occasion as much loss as wars do. The weakest part of the work is that which is devoted to theoretical discussions. For instance, in the opening chapter, Mr. Mongredien defines wealth as 'all such objects of human desire as are obtained or produced by human exertions,'—a definition which includes knowledge, good moral habits, and many things besides. The style of the work is clear, easy and flowing; but there are some faults of diction which indicate a lack of proper revision. Mr. Sterne's introduction is intended, we suppose, to apply the author's principles to the circumstances of the United States; but, curiously enough, it relates to the distribution of wealth rather than to its production.

Minor Notices.

THE object of 'The Alternative: A Study in Psychology' (New York: Macmillan) is to relay the foundations of psychology, and to solve the problem of the freedom of the will; but we fear that few readers will think that the object has been attained. The work professes to be decidedly original; and if the use of new-fangled words and phrases could make it original, it would certainly be so. Such terms as 'additive' and 'inadditive,' 'plurive' and 'implurive,' and many others scarcely less obscure, are of frequent occurrence. The author is perpetually defining; but some of his definitions are so obscure as to be hardly intelligible, while some that can be understood seem to be the result of superficial thinking. For instance, what do we learn about experience by being told that it is 'mental event which generates irrationative, non-hallucinative, uncommunicated knowledge?' Concerning the will, the author admits that he cannot demonstrate its freedom or reconcile it with the law of causation, and so proposes that we shall, by a pure 'arbitrium,' declare it to be free—whether it really is so or not. It is not in this way that the great problems of philosophy will be solved.

'ON THE WING,' by Mary E. Blake (Lee & Shepard), is a charming little book of travel, which fairly scintillates with brightness. Mr. James Payn tells us that he distrusts travellers' tales; not because of the adventures they tell, but because of the adventures they do *not* tell. Mrs. Dall, however, having told us all about what she did *not* see in Colorado and California, we are glad of this bright and breezy little volume, glowing with enthusiasm for what the author *did* see—from the Fair Mountains of the Snow, more beautiful than anything she expects to see again till she has crossed the border-land and sees the hills of paradise, to the first glimpse of Boston when she returned. There is just a little of that condescension in the recently-travelled which enters into somewhat unnecessary explanations to the general public of what a Pullman car is; but the story is told delightfully, and the bits of description are as terse and vivid as they are bright. How exact, for instance, the description of the railroad 'writhing in convulsions' through Clear Creek Cañon; of the little dry stakes in the Ohio vineyards, looking 'as if an enterprising Natick shoemaker had planted shoe-pegs' there; of Glen Eyrie, beautiful but lonely, that 'would be Paradise with the right girl'; of Colorado as a region where 'it never rains;—but it pours—sometimes'; and of Western figures of speech: 'We won't call it lying: the imagination of the people assumes the same proportions as everything else, and they make false statements without being conscious of it.' And who that has 'been there' will not sym-

pathize with her summing up of the West?—'I am tired of saying that this is a wonderful country, yet nothing else relieves one's over-charged feelings.'

Recent Fiction.

GALDOS'S 'Marianela' translated by Clara Bell (Gottschberger), is one of the prettiest stories we have read for some time, certainly the very prettiest translation from the Spanish. It is the story of three young people, practically almost children; and it is told with grace and spirit in the lighter portions, while the pathos of the sadder parts exhibits power as well as tenderness. The lad is blind, and his love for the young girl of humbler station hired to be his companion receives a terrible shock when he recovers his sight and discovers her to be almost hideous to look upon. The shock that the girl herself experiences is most exquisitely told. There is, of course, a fair and wealthy cousin who wins his heart by her loveliness, and we admire greatly an original touch in this part of the story by which the beautiful cousin is not represented as a haughty and unworthy intriguer, but a girl as sweet and innocent as her humbler rival, only prettier.

THE 'No New Thing' (Franklin Square Library) with which Mr. W. E. Norris presents us is a case of ingratitude; but although ingratitude may not be new, Mr. Norris's treatment of it is somewhat novel. His hero is so very bad, that we are quite sure in any other hands he would have been much worse. Mr. Norris's aim is to strike the average of human nature in his delineations. He does not believe much in villains, and not at all in heroes, although his average man has a good-natured leaning toward the side of virtue. His good men are a little dull and heavy, and his good women are certainly inane; still, his books are always to be read. 'No New Thing' is neither so brilliant nor so amusing as 'Matrimony'; but the reader will have no difficulty in gratifying the hope expressed to him by the author that he will 'plod cheerfully on' to the end of the story.

'MARTIN THE SKIPPER,' by J. F. Cobb (Crowell & Co. Young & Co.), has a little too much of the goody-goody element to suit a boy, and a little too much of the drunken sailor element to make it desirable that a boy should like it. People may be glad to know, however, that in the midst of most awful danger of shipwreck, there are repeated opportunities for much edifying conversation; and many may be pleased at a new incentive to save their lives when they see a life-boat approaching, such as inspired Martin's father, the captain of the sinking vessel, when he wisely advised, 'Let us do all we can to save our own lives, so that our brave deliverer won't have to go back disappointed!'

Book-Auctions in America.

BOOKS, autographs, coins and stamps, pictures, furniture, bric-à-brac and rugs—all these come sooner or later under the hammer of the auctioneer. Sudden reverses of fortune and the settling of estates bring great sales to pass, but other causes operate with equal force, and among these the chief is the growth (the change, at least) of collectors' tastes. The books or pictures that please the collector of thirty seldom satisfy the man of forty-five. Off goes the collection that has cost twenty years of patient buying, and soon the bases are laid of another library or another gallery. The auction-sale is to the ardent collector what the race-course is to the old jockey; but in America, where patience is not esteemed a cardinal virtue, most purchases are made through skilled agents, who reap a golden commission of five per cent. The cool nerves and quick ears of the trained buyer are invaluable to the amateur collector—as invaluable as the expert cataloguer and quick-witted auctioneer are to the selling owner. The auctioneer who can fill up the interstices between the 'calls' with anecdotes, broad jokes, and scraps of information, is worth his weight in silver. It was to his skill in this regard that Mr. Sabin owed his pre-eminence among New York sellers. To conduct the Brinley sale, he was brought all the way from Europe, and he justified the wisdom of those who sent for him by getting more for

the collection than any other seller could have got. For a copy of the Mazarin Bible, for instance, he secured \$8,000—a higher price than had ever before been paid for a single book at a sale in America. High as this price may seem, and as it certainly was, it fell far short of that paid for the Boccaccio at the famous Roxburghe sale, where the highest bid ever made for a single book was offered—namely, twenty-two hundred pounds.

Every new sale shows strange fluctuations in prices. At the Harris sale at Leavitt's, last week, the Kilmar-nock Burns brought \$310. The copy had once belonged to Mr. Menzies, and at the Menzies sale brought only \$155. An Eliot Bible, which cost the owner \$350, sold for \$80; and yet a copy of the Bay Psalm-Book, for which he had given a Providence bookseller \$1000, was sold at private sale for \$1500. (The bookseller had paid \$15 for it!) A three-volume illustrated book that had cost Mr. Harris \$15 sold for \$105. A copy of the Halliwell Shakspeare which had cost \$800 brought only \$304; and a Rochambeau manuscript, purchased for \$400, sold for \$300 less than it had cost. Some of these fluctuations were due to the fact that the collection had been under-catalogued. The first four folio Shakspeares brought \$1750; they had cost \$2000. A copy of the first edition of 'The Fairy Queen' fetched \$310.

The sale of the late Dr. Chapin's library afforded a notable illustration of the steady increase in the price of good books not necessarily rare at the time of purchase. The Doctor made it a practice to buy best editions, and in most cases English editions. His books were chosen largely for their intrinsic value. Pointing to them as they stood on the shelves of his library, he would say to his wife, 'Here is my life-insurance.' And he was not mistaken. The sale netted \$20,000.

According to English reports, most of the rare books sold in London come to America. Cornell and Lehigh Universities, and some of the state-libraries are among the heaviest purchasers. When \$8000 is paid here for a Bible and \$1200 for a Shakspeare, we are certainly in the way of rivalling other lands in the worth of our bibliographical possessions.

The Memoirs of the Late General Dix.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROS. will publish in the course of a fortnight the 'Memoirs of General Dix,' by his son, the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix. The following extract from the preface gives a fair idea of the manner and spirit of Dr. Dix's work:

'My father's eighty years cover a great part of the history of the Republic. Born just before the close of the XVIIIth century, he left us when the XIXth was far in its last quarter. He was one of those who formed the link between the period of the Revolution and that of the final and perpetual consolidation of the American Union. His acts are interwoven with the records of an age of wonderful events and impressive phenomena. His was a life of untiring activity, wherein he served the State with hand and head, with sword and pen, and always ably; and the proof of the public confidence in him lies in this fact, that he was called to almost every office which a citizen can hold. And while his natural gifts, ample and varied, rendered him competent to meet the requirements of public life, he conducted himself, in each position, in such a manner as to inspire a universal belief in his integrity. Again and again was this common faith in him exhibited in a practical way; for the reader of this memoir will observe how often, in times of perplexity, when a mere name, with what it stood for, might restore a sense of security, he was called upon, and set in full view of the people, with the investiture of power and the commission to do whatever might be necessary; and how rapidly, at such times, the clouds dispersed. This occurred, not once only, nor twice, but often; and thereon do I claim for him a place among the purest of

patriots, the wisest of counsellors, and the most honest of men. . . . Meanwhile, amid the duties and cares of a very full life, he found time to pursue certain studies which gave him the reputation of a scholar, and an enviable place in the world of letters. There are departments of literature in which his knowledge was full and critical and his attainments were uncommon; and in this he resembled those great statesmen of the mother country who wear a crown of double honor—men strong in the forum, on the platform, and in the council-chamber, yet happier in those secluded walks where converse is held with the poet, the philosopher, and the sage. . . . We only who were of his house and blood can fully appreciate that personality, that strong individuality, which constitutes the chief treasure of our recollections, and has left the impression of a sweet, simple-hearted, tender soul, which loved its own devotedly, and revered God, and won from man a deeper affection as, drawing nearer, they saw what he was. I have no terms to express my feelings on this point; nor will I attempt to do so, lest this sketch should suddenly lose its historic cast, and take the form of another "In Memoriam," laden with vain regrets and longings for the return of one beloved, whose place knoweth him no more.'

Thurlow Weed's Autobiography.

THURLOW WEED'S Autobiography, which will be published in the course of a few weeks by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is filled with the most interesting recollections. We are permitted to quote the following description of New York in 1815:

'Brooklyn was an inconsiderable village. There was then a ferry from the Fly (now Fulton) Market, at the foot of Fair (now Fulton) Street, to Brooklyn, or rather to the navy yard, for Brooklyn was of little account; but the only mode of crossing was by row-boats. Staten Island was reached by "perry-augers" (periaguas), one of which was commanded by Captain Cornelius Vanderbilt, now a twenty-millionaire.

'On the west side of Broadway, streets extended only to Lispenard, all north of which was either unsightly common or indifferently cultivated farms. There was, well out of the city, the nucleus of what became the village of Greenwich, between Seventh and Eighth Avenues, and below Fourteenth Street. When of a Sunday afternoon we wanted exercise and fresh air, we would walk up to the State Prison, then a prominent feature far away out of the city, but now standing, almost unobserved, near Christopher Street. It then looked directly upon the river; now, several streets intercept the view.

'In 1815 the City Hotel was the only first-class public house. Washington Hall, where A. T. Stewart's store is now, opened about that time, but all the others were second-rate. Hotel fare in those days, though substantial, was plain. The culinary art among us was in its infancy. There was, indeed, a general prejudice against French cooking. Port and brown sherry (pale sherry rarely seen) wines were good. Madeira wines were gloriously delicious. Champagne was just coming in, but comparatively little known, and was warmed before drinking! Ice, that now domestic necessity, was then rarely seen, and used only during the "heated terms." Strawberries were never served upon hotel tables, or in private families, except at tea. The strawberry, as a hotel breakfast and dinner luxury, was first introduced by William Sykes, who opened a most luxurious "Bank Coffee-house" in William Street, on the corner of William and Pine, but who lived too fast to live long. Grapes, except those from Madeira, were wholly unknown. None were grown except the small, sour, wild grape. Nor was the tomato, a vegetable now found upon every table in the city, then cultivated, or known as the esculent now so universally appreciated. I doubt whether, in 1815, a tomato was sold or eaten in this city.

'There were comparatively few temptations in those days. There were no "hells" or "gin palaces," or "saloons." There were no clubs, though, of course, I do not confound the latter with the former. But men lived at home in those days. Perhaps I cannot so well illustrate my meaning as to say that the Delmonico of fifty years ago was a colored man ("Billy"), who lived in William Street, east of Frankfort, where it was the custom of prominent merchants, lawyers, physicians, etc., to go, winter evenings, for *buckwheat cakes*. This was a general resort. I remember, among others, to have seen and listened to Dr. S. L. Mitchell, Richard Riker, Pierre C. Van Wyck, Isaac

Carow, Jacob Barker, etc., taking their cakes and coffee there socially.

'The use of "all that intoxicates" had, of course, an earlier origin, but most of its compound virtues were undiscovered. The "cock-tail," and the "cobbler," now in universal request, were not then invented, nor had the "julep" yet imparted its flavor and incense to Northern lip and nose. But, although these refinements in drinking had not reached us, men did not lack the means of quenching thirst. The "sling" was as potent in overthrowing Goliaths as in the days of David.'

A Friend's Book.

THIS book is his? the gorgeous dreams between
These covers his, the friend's I used to know?
Yet many a morn together have we seen
The clouds refof their airy tents and go,
And many a silent evening, from the glen,
The mountain blazing with their golden camp.
Fool that I was not to have known him then!
I never guessed he owned Aladdin's lamp!
He seemed like other men whom one may meet,
But, I ke the honey-bees, with skill untold,
He gathered treasures even at my feet,
And in the dark was building roofs of gold!

SAMUEL V. COLE.

The Genesis of "Rip van Winkle."

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Your Lexington, Va., correspondent's note respecting 'A Greek Rip van Winkle'—from which the writer quite correctly deduces 'a very direct suggestion of Rip van Winkle's twenty-years' sleep'—calls attention to a matter of no little interest at this time of Irving's centenary year. There can be little doubt that Irving was familiar with the stories of Epimenides and the fiddlers of Strathspey, and that he was also acquainted with the legends of Peter Klaus, Thomas of Ercildoune, and Frederick the Redbeard and his ravens. The legend, though, is world wide. China, and Japan, and the Samoan Archipelago all have it, each with appropriate local coloring. Every country in Europe has the myth in some form. Mr. Baring Gould believes that the mythological core is 'the repose of the Earth during Winter,' while Augustus Grote declares it to be a Sun-Myth brought from Europe by the Dutch! It will be remembered that the story appears in the 'Nibelungen Lied,' the Germans having got it from an old Scandinavian saga, where Sigurd discovers Byrnild, a beautiful valkyria, asleep. Most of your readers doubtless recall Goethe's poem, 'Des Epimenides Erwachen,' where the story of the poet's ill-fated marriage illustrates the folly of engaging one's self to one girl—and then marrying another!

Let me add that for most of these facts, I am indebted to a very interesting and admirable paper on 'The Genesis of Rip van Winkle' recently read before the Fortnightly Club of Tarrytown, by the Rev. Jno. B. Thompson, D.D., of Catskill. Some one of our magazines ought to get hold of that article and print it.

M. H. BRIGHT.

TARRYTOWN-ON-HUDSON, May 4, 1883.

French Political Pamphlets Wanted.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Toward the close of the year 1860, a pamphlet appeared in Paris, entitled 'Le Pape et L'Empereur,' written, it was said, by M. L. Guerrouière under inspiration from 'the highest quarters.' This was fol-

lowed, early in 1861, by another,—'La France, l'Italie, et Rome.' I have been unable to obtain these pamphlets, even in Paris. Can any one tell me where I can find them, or either of them; or where, in this country, I can, if no more, procure the opportunity of referring to them?

WM. CHAUNCY LANGDON.

BEDFORD, PA., May 4, 1883.

"Art for Art's Sake."

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

CAN any one tell just when this phrase became the peculiar cognizance of the poetic dilettanti? Those who assert this principle most vehemently and personally would have us understand that it is with them a matter of first nature and intuition; that the feeling for art kindles and directs all their inspiration; that, should they disobey this feeling or attempt to reconcile it with any considerations of humanity or ethics, very promptly would Apollo tweak their ears, and charge them with profanation of the sacred things of Poesy! It appears that they abhor not so much an intellectual vacuum as the possible presence of didacticism. The more morality, the less art, is their argument—as though between morals and art an impossible gulf had been fixed. There are certain poets' poets whom they always cite in support of their theory. They have chased down to a shadowy reverberation that genuine voice proclaiming in the wilderness of other days, 'Beauty is Truth, Truth, Beauty.' This doctrine, as we remember, had a hard struggle with the Philistines of its time; later, the Philistines seem to have adopted the very article they once rejected; and now, do we not see them being elected to the hierarchy, from whence they give out the æsthetic criteria of the age. If all, which they as custodians of poetic art turn out under the label of The Beautiful, would bear the test—then we might be able to verify their demonstration of Keats's lovely thesis. As it is, we would commend to their attention the following from the 'elfin poet,' Keats's early master:

'Beautie is not, as fond men misdeeme,
An outward shew of things that only seeme.'

This elfin poet, who surely was no mean artist, did not scruple to inculcate ethical doctrine; indeed, the several Books of 'The Faërie Queen,' with all their sumptuous garniture of allegory, were intended as presentments of as many 'Morall Vertues.' Even the most splendidly reckless of the Elizabethans did not think it beneath the dignity of poetic art if now and then a homiletic meaning appeared behind the debonair fable.

GENEVA, O., May 7, 1883.

EDITH M. THOMAS.

JAMES BRINSLEY-RICHARDS contributes a most interesting paper on 'Mr. Gladstone's Oxford Days' to the May number of *Temple Bar*. From this paper we learn that Mr. Gladstone 'was one of the most hospitable men at Christ Church, which is saying a good deal.' 'As his father supplied him with a handsome allowance, he was enabled to give frequent breakfast-parties and "wines;" but at "wines," then as now, very little wine was drunk, and after his guests had dispersed, Gladstone was always ready to apply himself to a few hours of vigorous reading. One must use the word "vigour" in this connection, because Gladstone never dawdled over his books. He set himself to a task, and toiled until he had finished it—though one of his rules was never to infringe on the seven hours he had allowed himself for sleep. The men who wreck their health by hard reading are those who sit up half through the night, with pots of strong tea at their elbows, and wet towels round their heads. Gladstone worked regularly and never had to put himself on the *ager* list, or to lie late abed in the morning snatching fitful eyefuls of sleep.

The Critic

NEW YORK, MAY 12, 1883.

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. announce that they have arranged to publish a series of volumes entitled 'American Commonwealths,' under the editorship of Mr. Horace E. Scudder. It is proposed to sketch the lives of those states which have had a marked influence upon the structure of the nation, or have embodied in their formation and growth principles of American polity. In other words, the editor's aim will be to secure trustworthy and graphic narratives, which shall have substantial value as historical monographs, and at the same time do full justice to the picturesque elements of the subjects treated. The volumes will be uniform in size and general appearance with the series of American Statesmen and American Men-of-Letters, and will be furnished with maps and copious indexes. The first volume of the series will be 'Virginia: A History of the People,' by John Esten Cooke.

It is reported that the late editors of *The Magazine of American History*, Messrs. De Costa and Johnston, are about to begin the publication of a periodical devoted to American antiquities; and it is also said that Mr. John Austin Stevens, the historical writer, who was the first editor of the *Magazine*, will in the fall establish a monthly to be devoted to American history.

Mr. James Bryce, M.P., in his essay on 'England and Ireland' in the forthcoming *Century*, shows that the so-called 'National' party in Ireland, while it may seem to represent the nation, can claim less than half the Irish members of Parliament—namely, forty out of one hundred and four.

We have the authority of Messrs. Harper for the announcement that Mrs. Burton N. Harrison is the author of the popular novelettes, 'Golden Rod' and 'Helen Troy,' published in their Half-Hour Series.

Prof. Henry A. Beers, of Yale, has written for the June *Century* a short college story, entitled 'Split Zephyr,' which is characterized as 'an attenuated yarn spun by the Fates.'

Mr. Justin H. McCarthy, author of 'An Outline of Irish History,' just published in 'Harper's Franklin Square Library,' is a son of Mr. Justin McCarthy, author of 'A History of Our Own Times.'

In a brief notice of that useful publication, 'The Statesman's Year-Book,' in our last issue, we omitted to state that it was published by Macmillan & Co. The new editor of the 'Year-Book,' Mr. J. Scott Keltie, is one of the sub-editors of *Nature*, the English scientific journal.

A new edition of 'Harper's Guide-Book to Europe and the East' is now ready. It has been revised by the editor, Mr. W. Pembroke Petridge.

Henry Holt & Co. publish to-day 'The Growth of a People: A Short Study in French History,'—a translation, by Dr. Lewis Stimson, of Paul Lacombe's 'Petite Histoire du Peuple Français.'

Mr. William Black has written a novelette called 'The Strange Adventures of a Milkmaid,' which will be begun in *Harper's Weekly* in June.

In the June *Century* Mr. James H. Morse considers 'The Native Element in American Fiction' during the period before the War,—a period reaching from Charles Brockden Brown to Mrs. Elizabeth Stoddard. The period subsequent to the war will be considered in a second essay to appear in an early number of the same magazine.

It is rumored that a change will take place soon in the editorship of one of the best known of London evening papers.

'Mosaics of Scripture History,' about to be published by Harper & Bros., is the joint production of Professor Marcius Willson and his son, Robert Pierpont Willson. The work consists of an outline sketch of the course of sacred history, together with passages from English literature in prose and poetry which relate to events or persons commemorated in Scripture.

'An Hour with Charlotte Brontë,' by Mrs. Holloway, has been added to Funk & Wagnalls's Standard Library. From a circular accompanying the book we learn that 'There was but one Charlotte Brontë as there was but one William Shakspeare.' And from a criticism in the *Herald* of Mrs. Holloway's lecture on this 'passionate, fire-winged genius,' we learn that, at times, 'there were flights of eloquence that rose to grandeur.'

Admirers of Longfellow's famous poem will be pleased to read a description of 'The Home of Hiawatha' in the June *Harper's*. The Indian lovers would find it hard to retrace their steps over the once familiar ground. Church-steeple and factory-chimneys pierce the heavens where stood the forest primeval; and bridges and steamboats cross the rivers where they paddled their light canoes. In this number Mr. G. W. Curtis writes with sympathetic pen of John Howard Payne and 'Home, Sweet Home,' but says very truly that the words would never have attracted attention had it not been for the pathetic melody to which they are attached.

D. Appleton & Co. have in press for early publication 'Dynamic Sociology,' by Lester F. Ward, of the Statistical Department at Washington.

The Sidney Lanier memorial fund amounts now to \$6250, more than two thirds of which was subscribed in Baltimore. The money will be put out at interest for the benefit of the poet's family who were left almost destitute.

Tourguéneff is suffering from an attack of cardiac delirium. His condition is declared to be alarming.

The English edition of W. Clark Russell's 'A Sea Queen' will be printed from duplicate plates furnished by Harper & Brothers.

Roberts Bros. announce 'The Princess Amélie,' in the No Name Series, and 'An Island Voyage,' by Robert L. Stevenson.

Mr. Henry James appeared last week as a reader before the Saturday Morning Club of Boston.

Mr. E. C. Stedman is said to be the inventor of 'Osgood's Pocket Guide to Europe.' Mr. Edward King is the European editor of the book.

Lovers of Dr. Holmes's most popular book will be glad to know that Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish to-day a pocket edition of 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,' beautifully printed and neatly bound. The same firm will issue Mr. Browning's latest book of poems, 'Jocoseria.'

The example set by Mr. Du Chaillu in suing Messrs. Harper for alleged failure to push one of his books has been imitated by Mr. E. B. Callender, author of 'Thaddeus Stevens, Commoner,' of which Cupples, Upham & Co. are the publishers.

Jansen, McClurg & Co. have removed from their old quarters in State Street, Chicago, to a 'spacious and imposing building' at Wabash Avenue and Madison Street.

The *North American Review* for June will contain a discussion of 'The Moral Influence of the Drama' by John Gilbert the actor, A. M. Palmer the ex-manager, William Winter the dramatic critic, and the Rev. Dr. Buckley—a well-known condemnner of the stage.

Mr. Henry W. Cleveland, a clergyman, has an interesting illustrated sketch of the late Alexander H. Stevens in *The Continent* of May 9. Mr. Cleveland was selected by Mr. Stevens as his literary executor, and the present article was written 'by authority.'

An interesting sign of Chinese 'progress' is the proposed extension of the telegraph service in China by the erection of a line between Canton and Shanghai.

Macmillan & Co. have ready a supplemental catalogue embodying a list of their new books and of the Oxford and Cambridge University publications published during the last four months.

Albert Stickney's attack upon the jury system, in last November's *Century*, has called out several replies which, with a brief rejoinder by Mr. Stickney, will be grouped in the June *Century* under the title 'Both Sides of the Jury Question.'

In an article entitled 'Unwritten History,' in *Macmillan's* for May, Prof. Huxley treats of the land of Egypt. The paper was originally a lecture addressed to the Eton Volunteer Corps. In the same magazine there is an interesting article on the late John Richard Green, by Mr. James Bryce, and an excellent Review of the Month, presumably from the pen of the new editor, Mr. Morley, who regards the increased vigor of the assault upon intemperance, and the growing recognition of the right of women to share the educational and other privileges at present monopolized by the stronger sex, as conspicuous indications of a revival of moral earnestness in Great Britain as well as in 'the Greater England beyond the sea.'

Mr. Edmund W. Gosse, in the opening paper in the June *Century*, will claim for 'Living English Sculptors' a place well up with the leadership of the French in what is called the second revival of sculpture, and his argument will have the support of fourteen illustrations, some of them full-page, showing the best works of Woolner, Walker, Armstead, Marshall, Lawson and Maclean, and Thornycroft's 'Artemis' and 'Teucer.' Woolner's bust of Tennyson will be the frontispiece of the number.

A police-censor in Peking, discovering that paper with written characters on it was often mixed up with the waste paper sold to paper manufacturers, forbid shopkeepers to traffic in printed or written paper, and ordered manufacturers to pick out all such paper from their purchases, assuring them that the Government would pay them a fair price for it. This rule has since been observed, and such paper as has become sacred by being written or printed on is now burned periodically in one of two temples set apart for the purpose.

Arrangements have been made with G. P. Putnam's Sons by which they will publish in a large octavo volume a full report of the proceedings of the dinner tendered by his confrères in this city to Dr. O. W. Holmes on the 12th of April last. Dr. Holmes's poem, with seven or eight of the speeches, will be given, together with portraits on steel, wood, and by the heliotype process, of the guest of the evening and of the chief speakers—the Hon. William M. Evarts, Mr. George William Curtis, Dr. T. G. Thomas, Dr. Fordyce Barker, Bishop Clarke, and Mr. Whitelaw Reid.

THE editor of *The Magazine of American History* announces that the pages of that rejuvenated monthly will be enriched ere long with 'two manuscript volumes of marvellous interest,' the first containing the 'original secret record of private daily intelligence belonging to Sir Henry Clinton in the Revolution,' and the second the depositions of deserters from the American army. Both of these unique volumes passed from the Clinton family into the possession of Mr. B. F. Stevens, whose collection of Franklin books and manuscripts was lately purchased by Government; and from him they have been bought by Dr. Thomas Addis Emmett. According to the editor of the *Magazine*, Sir Henry Clinton was kept constantly informed of Washington's movements by persons who held positions of trust under the commander-in-chief and betrayed his confidence so adroitly as to excite no suspicion of their perfidy.

The Presidency of Princeton.

IT SEEMS to be pretty well settled that New Jersey's favorite college will soon need a new head. Dr. James McCosh, whose great ability in the department of mental science is everywhere conceded, and whose success in lifting the college to a front rank in this science has been marked, finds the double position of head and right shoulder of the college too arduous, and resigns from the President's chair to take that of Philosophy newly created for him. His name has been a great power, and his Scotch vigor and character have proved an immense leverage in the progress of this excellent institution of learning. In three or four of its departments, Princeton takes rank among the very first of American colleges. Its name is honored; its power is respected; its place, for the present at least, is secure. These departments will retain their full strength under any new arrangement. Theology, philosophy, moral and mental science, will be well represented in Professors Atwater, Shields, and Dr. McCosh. Nine clergymen out of the thirty-one members of the Academical Faculty will continue to take care of the religious instruction of the students of New Jersey. But it may be doubted whether an institution that already appeals to a national constituency, and may reasonably hope to strengthen its appeal by judicious management, will do wisely to add to its theological faculty by filling the chair of the President about to retire with an incumbent from the same profession.

Time was when the clergy represented the best learning of the land. They were the only men whose profession pointed directly to literature, and whose 'hours of ease' were redolent with the honey of fine books. They led the intelligence of the country, and stimulated interest in higher learning. They became, therefore, the natural inheritors of the academic gown, and the college halls of Cambridge, New Haven, and other New England institutions, show long lines of noble and reverend faces that have done honor to the presidential end of the academic table. Clergymen and the sons of clergymen have made some of the best literature of New England. They have made almost the only epoch in literature that America has yet developed; but, in order to do so, they have stepped out of the ranks of their peculiar profession, and widened with a more generous scholarship than old Puritan days could ever boast. They have become representative of *all* literary interests—poetry, history, science, art—seeking a broad culture, and eager for modern as well as ancient acquisitions. They have turned a genial face toward all forms of intellectual development, and have become not only defenders but stimulators of the new movements of the XIXth century. And, in so doing, they have only waked up with the waking thought of America. They are the hither end of a long line of ministers, and have blossomed and given the good fruit of the ancestral orchard. But the whole Puritan stock—lay as well as clerical—has blossomed with them in these modern days, and high scholarship is no longer confined to any one profession. It may be doubted even whether it has not deteriorated within the famous profession that furnished Jonathan Edwards and Cotton Mather, while being strengthened outside of it. Literature, science, art—learning in all departments—get their main push to-day among the laymen, who outwork their clerical brothers, and outsee the seers themselves. The interests of knowledge were never so little confined to one department as to-day. They reach out over wide and diverse fields, with what appears to be deadly antagonisms, which requires wisdom, foresight, caution, breadth, and an utter freedom from class prejudice in their treatment. These interests demand men who love truth more than they love dogma, who are not so closely connected with one form of the divine search after truth as to be blind to the beauty of other forms. Is it not time that Princeton waked up to this larger view of modern culture? Are there not some courses in her curriculum that require strengthening more than the theological? Will the addition of a President from the clerical, or theological, or even from the logical and metaphysical ranks, give the impulse now most needed in her work? These are pertinent questions, the consideration of which should occupy the minds of her managers and friends. Harvard long since cut loose from theology and entered the wider field of human culture. Cornell began at the point to which Harvard had come, and found her best and truest value in her freedom. Johns Hopkins stands on the ground of wide culture and is making a solid reputation by it. Princeton might just as well be strong all over as to have an abnormal development of dogma. Her boys will behave just as well with nine theologians as with ten. Less theoretical morality in the morning may perhaps leave them more of the practical sort in the evening. When they hear less of Samson's feat at Gaza the gates of the good citizens of Princeton may swing more serenely.

But let us not deal lightly with the matter. Is it not

for the best interest of the college on all sides that it should put at the head of its Faculty a strong, generous, broad-minded man, who will not forget that the aim of students in all fields of learning may be honest and worthy, and who will know how, out of the conflicting elements of our intellectual life, to select enough to make a full and round university culture?

FRENCH NOTES.

JULES SANDEAU, who died last week in Paris, at the age of seventy-two, was known as the first literary partner of George Sand, as a novelist of more delicacy than power, and as Emile Augier's fellow-worker in 'Le Gendre de M. Poirier' and other plays. When his connection with George Sand ended, they did not meet for thirty years. Then, one night, they passed each other at the Odeon. Sandeau half-lifted his hat. 'Who is that lady,' he asked of a friend. 'It strikes me that I have met her somewhere before.'

Michel Masson, the dramatist, who died on the same day, had an eventful career. He had been a dancer, waiter, shopman, lapidary, and journalist. He left a Franco-Chinese dictionary and a vast number of vaudevilles.

The French novel of the week is M. Guy de Maupassant's naturalistic romance 'Une Vie' (Havard). Other novels of note are 'Un Homme Heureux,' by François Villars (Hetzel); 'Les Représailles de la Vie,' by Edouard Delpit (Calmann Levy); 'Sous les Chênes Verts,' by N. de Seniënow (Calmann Levy); and 'Feu Tricoche,' by Pierre Delcourt.

GERMAN NOTES.

'RICHARD WAGNER IN VENICE,' an account of the last days of the musician, by Henry Perl, will shortly appear in Augsburg.—A Wagner dictionary, by C. Fr. Glasenapp and Heinrich von Stein, will soon be published by Cotta, of Stuttgart.—Heinrich Laube is at work on a biography of Franz Grillparzer, which will be published this year by Cotta. Some poems of Grillparzer's, never before printed, will be added to the work.—A new volume of short stories by Paul Heyse has appeared in Berlin.—A new novel by Robert Waldmüller called 'Maddalena' will shortly appear in Augsburg.—A new illustrated edition of Heinrich Heine's 'Buch der Lieder,' with numerous engravings by Paul Thumann, will appear in Leipzig in the autumn.

A translation of Prof. Edward S. Holden's 'Life and Works of William Herschel' has appeared in Berlin.—A famous Arabian tale, in which men, animals and spirits are made to discuss philosophical questions, was first translated into Hebrew by a learned Jew, Kalonymos den Kalonymos (born 1287 in Arles, France), and first published in Mantua in 1557, while the Arabian text was first printed in Calcutta in 1812. It was translated into German in 1859, and a new and more complete edition has recently appeared in Darmstadt under the direction of Dr. Jul. Landsberger.—'Modern Minds,' by Georg Brandes, which appeared a short time since in Frankfurt, is favorably reviewed in the German periodicals. It consists of a collection of biographies of Paul Heyse, Andersen, John Stuart Mill, Ernest Renan, Esaias Tegnér, Gustave Flaubert, Frederik Paludan Müller and Björnsterne Björnson. The most exhaustive of these is that of Esaias Tegnér, the Swedish poet.

DUTCH NOTES.

De Portefeuille (Amsterdam) for April 7th contains an article on Hugo de Groot, whose centenary occurred on April 10th urging upon his compatriots the necessity of erecting a statue of him in the square before the church in which he is buried at Delft; a paper on Raphael, by W. Beekkerk, and one on Cesare Cantù and the honors recently paid him, by E. Epkema; besides musical, dramatic and literary criticisms.—'Wanderings Through Holland' is the title of an interesting work by J. Craandijk, illustrated by P. A. Schipperus, and accompanied by maps, of which the second edition has just appeared.—A new historical, artistic, and literary periodical, called *Old Holland*, has appeared in Holland, under the direction of A. D. de Vries Az and N. de Roever. The last number contains a paper on Hobbema, one on Jan Theunis Blankenhoff (Jan Maat), and one on the Royal Porcelain Factory at Berlin—all by N. de Roever;

'Constantine Huygens and the Van Eyck family,' by J. W. H. Unger; 'The Portrait of Willem Barentsen,' by A. D. de Vries Az; 'Willem Schellinks: Painter, Technician, Etcher and Poet,' by the same author; besides other interesting monographs.—Current Dutch publications are 'Toewijding' ('Devotion'), a novel, by Louise Stratenus; 'From East to West,' by E. van den Gheyn, Jr. 'Uit de Practijk,' the memories of an advocate, by Ed. Swarth; 'In the Schevening Woods,' by A. W. N. Hinrichs; a translation of Gregor Samarow's 'Peter III.,' and 'Gave der Liefde,' a novel, by D. Bartstra.

The Book-Exchange.

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F 20.—For exchange, Appleton's 'Picturesque Europe' for Appleton's 'Picturesque America.' Address E. W. L. at this office.

Science

Biographies of Naturalists.*

PROF. DUNCAN has given us, under the caption 'Heroes of Science,' biographical sketches of some of the most eminent cultivators of natural science, in the first five chapters commemorating botanists, in the sixth, seventh and eighth zoölogists, and in the tenth to thirteenth the geologists. The selection, in the main, is tolerably fair, although more pre-eminence is given to certain English naturalists than would be accorded by the world at large, and certain facts of cardinal interest are not presented. Aristotle, Theophrastus, Pliny and Dioscorides are specially noticed, although their relations to scientific botany are quite immaterial, while the Jussiens are neglected—the only modern botanists whose lives are given (if we except Ray and Tournefort) being Linnæus and the elder De Candolle. One chapter on the zoölogists is devoted to Aristotle, Pliny, Gesner, Ray, Willoughby, Swammerdam, Réaumur and Linnæus; another to Buffon, Pennant and Lamarck, and a third (quite appropriately) to Cuvier. Prof. Duncan's modern 'heroes' of geology are Hutton, William Smith, Murchison and Lyell. The selections as well as omissions indicate that the scope of the work was limited to those whose careers death had ended, and therefore we miss the record of several who are as truly 'heroes of science' as any of those memorialized in the volume—among them Darwin, who perhaps had not died when the work was written. Undue space is given to ancient writers—for none save Aristotle can be said to have advanced science, and we cannot understand why even as intense an Englishman as Prof. Duncan, should place Thomas Pennant in the select and small company of 'heroes.' The author is somewhat inconsistent, too, in his treatment of proper names. For example, Aristotle and Pliny, as they are familiarly called by the English-speaking people, are given as Aristoteles and Plinius, and this is quite correct; but then it should have been indicated that the native name of Linnæus was Linné, or (when ennobled) Von Linné. Another and more serious defect in the biographies is the absence of emphasis of the most lasting improvements of scientific

* Heroes of Science. Botanists, Zoölogists, and Geologists. By Prof. P. Martin Duncan. New York: E. & J. B. Young & Co.

method or of generalization contributed by the respective 'heroes.' Linnæus, for instance, influenced science chiefly by the introduction of the binomial nomenclature, but no special mention of this is made.

Scientific Notes.

ROBERT CLARKE & Co. have in press for immediate publication 'The History of Tuberculosis, from the Time of Sylvius to the Present Day,' translated, in part, with additions, from the German of Dr. Arnold Spina, First Assistant in the Laboratory of Professor Stricker, Vienna; including also Dr. Robert Koch's experiments, and the more recent investigations of Dr. Spina on the subject, by Eric E. Sattler, M.D. The experiments of Dr. Robert Koch, which resulted in his discovery of the bacillus tuberculosis, and raised him from an obscure physician in a country town to the head of the Imperial German Health Bureau, have attracted general attention, and induced immediate and special inquiry into the history of tuberculosis. The material for such a history is widely scattered in the technical literature of the last two centuries, and in numberless volumes of transactions of societies and periodicals, a majority of which are difficult of access even in the largest medical libraries. In preparing this volume, to supply in a measure this want, the aim has been to trace the whole history of opinion from Sylvius to the present time, and to furnish a condensed but exhaustive review of the most important contributions to the literature of the subject.

Among the most recent additions to the Zoölogical Society's Gardens, London, are five Mississippi alligators, presented by Mr. Thomas Baring, and two white-fronted capuchins from South America, presented by Mr. H(erbert?) Smith.

Dr. C. W. Siemens, F.R.S., who presided over the last meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, has been knighted by the Queen.

To the question as to whether or no they intend to go to Montreal next year, to attend the proposed session of the British Association in that city, 340 members of the Association have returned a negative reply. The meeting this year will be held at Southport, Sept. 19, and it is expected that the retiring President of the American Association and others of its members may be in attendance, as the American meeting at Minneapolis has been set down for Aug. 17. *Science* suggests that this may permit arrangements to be made which might substantially unite the meetings of the two Associations in 1884, and so prepare for an international meeting in the future.*

'The French Government,' says *Nature*, 'are steadily continuing their excellent work of deep-sea investigation. Their vessel, the *Talisman*, is now being equipped and fitted out with the most improved machinery and apparatus, and will leave on June 15 for Morocco, the Canaries, Cape Verd Islands, Azores, and the Sea of Sargasso. Our last expedition of this kind, in the *Challenger*, although highly successful considering the great extent of area traversed by it, might be considered in one respect tentative, and ought to have led to further results. Our own seas have never been sufficiently investigated, while the Americans, Norwegians, Germans, French, and Italians have, especially of late years, been indefatigable in thoroughly exploring their parts of the North Atlantic and Mediterranean.'

The Fine Arts

Cecil Lawson.*

THE young English landscape-painter, Cecil Lawson, while unfortunate in the all-too-early ending of his career, was most fortunate in the rapid development of his power of artistic expression, and in the prompt public recognition of his genius. He is now again fortunate in his biographer.

The letter-press of the monumental parchment-bound memorial of the artist is supplied by his friend Mr. Edmund W. Gosse, the well-known poet and critic. This essay is interesting and valuable, not merely as a record of the pathetically brief life of its subject, but

also as a highly suggestive study of the general subject of landscape painting. Judging from our memory of Lawson's exhibited work rather than from the etchings of Whistler and Herkomer, and the other reproductions in the volume before us, we can hardly accuse Mr. Gosse of extravagance in his enthusiastic appreciation of the talent of his friend. 'He was inspired from the very beginning,' he says, 'with a passion for style, and to the last hour, when the brush fell from his fingers, he was dreaming, adapting, composing; all the while waiting for the spark to fall on him and make him something better than a specialist or an impressionist—such another great poet in landscape as Gaspar Poussin was—such another master of harmonies as Gainsborough or Constable.'

The Drama

HAVING produced 'Caste,' the best acting play of the modern English stage, Mr. Pitt's company at the Bijou now produce 'The Two Roses,' its best written play. Its story, as many will remember, turns on the adventures of Mr. Digby Grant, father of Lottie and Ida, the white rose and the red. Grant, having lived a life of expedients, being utterly base and selfish, no sooner comes into a fortune than he throws off Jack Wyatt, the journalist, and Caleb Deecie, the blind musician, both of whom have been paying court to his daughters, and both of whom have helped Grant in his poverty. But it is subsequently learned that the fortune belongs to Caleb Deecie, and Grant, having done his best to estrange the lovers, brings them all together, joins their hands, and insists that their union has been the dream of his life.

The chief beauty of the play, which has a high and well-deserved reputation, lies in its handling of light and atmosphere. Painters know well how rare is this ability. They marvel at the rays which illumine Correggio's Madonnas no less than at the beauty of the faces. They stand amazed before the almost supernatural gleams which shine upon the figures of 'The Night Watch' of Rembrandt. So in the transfusion of warm pellucid air over two of his scenes Mr. James Albery, who wrote 'The Two Roses,' accomplished a masterly task, not easily to be matched in the drama. When the audience sits in Mr. Grant's poor drawing-room, the roses blooming in the window, the honeysuckle twining round the porch, the sewing-machine weaving in its stitches the loves of Jack and Lottie, the chessmen fighting their tourney for the hearts of Caleb and Ida, the illusion is perfect and the sunbeams seem to be dancing about the room, as if with joy for the love which it contains.

In the corner, where the shadows fall, stands Digby Grant. There may be moments when Grant looks back to his youth; sees himself handsome, captivating, of patrician birth; recalls a gambling debt leading, it is possible, to crime; thinks how his family disowned him, how he married to spite them, how with wife and children he sank lower and lower, from shift to shift, until all his old friends were so old that he wore them out, and all his acquaintances were turned into friends. At the present time he has grown expert in swindling. He defrauds Mrs. Cupps, the landlady, out of twenty pounds, with an astuteness which would make his fortune in diplomacy. He accepts gifts unblushingly from Our Mr. Jenkins, the commercial traveller, who leaves his sample-case for the girls; he borrows indiscriminately from Jack and Caleb. Yet, like all selfish men,

* Cecil Lawson: A Memoir. By E. W. Gosse. With illustrations by Hubert Herkomer, J. A. McN. Whistler, and Cecil Lawson. London: The Fine Art Society.

he hates with bitter hatred those whom he deceives, those who make him presents, those who lend him money. When the lawyer announces that he is worth ten thousand pounds a year, his first thought is to avenge himself on his benefactors. Full of his exquisite revenge, he draws out his new cheque-book; slowly writes his name four times; summons Caleb and Jack, Mrs. Cupps and Our Mr. Jenkins; reminds them grandiloquently of what they have given or lent him and, irradiated by malicious pleasure, pays them back. 'I clear the score,' he says—'a little cheque.'

Henry Irving played the character magnificently. He brought into peculiar prominence the aristocratic pretensions of Grant. Tall, thin, dignified, in a many-colored dressing-gown, with a smoking-cap poised jauntily on the side of his head, he looked like a Guardsman run to seed, like an elderly Rawdon Crawley. His swagger was sublime. Having acknowledged Mrs. Cupps' bill, having refused to take off a discount 'like a common cad,' he considered that his landlady was amply repaid. He received her offer of twenty pounds with royal condescension; and when, to requite her, he kissed her hand and said, 'Mrs. Cupps, these lips have touched the hand of princes,' it seemed as though the poor lodging-house Semele must be shrivelled up by the blaze of this mighty Jove. But Grant had not yet exhausted his arts. When his victim rose to go, he preceded her to the door, threw it open with a splendid flourish, and, as she passed through, bowed low before her. Then, closing the door, he adjusted his cap, put his hands in his pockets, and slowly, bitterly, almost vindictively, 'That's a damned silly woman,' said he.

Here the author draws with the pen of a Balzac. For truth to nature the second of his characters is Mr. Furnival, the solicitor, built with an extraordinary paucity of words, and excellently played at the Bijou by Mr. William Davidge. Mr. Furnival's sole function is to announce, first that the inheritance has fallen to Grant, second that it has passed to Caleb Decie. Yet in discharging this mission the whole life of the man is disclosed. He dislikes Grant at sight; receives his effusion of sentiment and family pride with a many-toned phrase, 'Dear me!' He bids Grant drink that he may bear the announcement, is not surprised that Grant drinks alone, and when, on his departure, Grant loftily opens the door, saying 'The noble spirit is not inflated by prosperity,' he merely replies 'Dear me!' At Jack Wyatt's lodgings he examines the pictures, judges the character of Jack's parents from their faces, and, seeing his mother's portrait, quotes the line 'Heaven in her eye, and in her hand the keys,' adding with a sigh, 'Crabbe!

Out of date.' There is a singular fragrance about this old lawyer, reticent yet curious, suspicious yet expansive, comforting his solitude with quotations from Crabbe; and lamenting that the author of 'The Village' is forgotten.

Our Mr. Jenkins, on the other hand, is a caricature. Mr. Felix Morris plays the part very well; quite as well, we thought, as Mr. Honey used to play it, if with somewhat less unctious. But he is a purely fantastic personage. His generosity and ignorance both exceed the limits of humanity. When Jack Wyatt refers to Clarendon and Macaulay, 'What is their line?' asks the good-hearted drummer. 'Refiners,' says Jack. 'Who travels for them?' he demands, and when Jack says 'Old Father Time,' he merely replies with an appeal to Grant, 'Is he chaffing me?' But vengeance falls upon the uncultivated Jenkins. He marries a lady in silver-gray silk, and finds that the silver-gray mare is the better horse. He becomes an elder, in a white cravat, and having 'travelled' in the ways of sin, is made to walk in the paths of virtue. As a husband he is persuaded that the stool of repentance is covered with silver-gray silk. As an elder he shines, not brilliantly, but with the mild effulgence of a glow-worm. 'We are all worms,' observes his wife. 'True,' he replies, 'but we don't all glow.'

With many other excellent qualities, however, the play owes much of its vitality to its love-scenes. Mr. Albery's amorous passages are infinitely superior to those of Robertson for the reason that Mr. Albery is a poet and clothes his thoughts in the language of sentiment. When Caleb has beaten Ida at chess, 'you must give me something next time,' says she;—'give me a castle.' 'If I had one you should have it,' he replies, 'and the broad lands, too;' and in the end he reminds her of his words, gives her the castle, gives her the broad lands. So when Jack Wyatt moralizes over the sewing-machine, and finds in it an emblem of life, where the soul of man is torn, and woman comes with her love as with needle and thread, 'I will try,' says Lottie, kneeling at his feet, 'I will try to be a good seamstress. I will sew you up very carefully, Jack, and the work shall not come undone.' Thirteen years have gone since this pretty play was first produced; its roses have bloomed, faded, and bloomed again; Miss Amy Fawcett, the Lottie of the past, who came to America to die, has given place to Miss Nellie Howard, the Lottie of the present, most winsome and bright; and still the sewing-machine is ticking its familiar tale of love, and telling Jack Wyatt that Lottie has sewn with care and that her work has not come undone.

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